

The History of

Cousin, on wednesday next our counsell we will hold
At windfor, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speede to vs againe,
For more is to be said and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege

Enter Prince of wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Exeunt.

Fals. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat witted with drinking of old sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truly
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of sack,
and minutes capones, and clockes the tongues of bawdes, and
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunn him-
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I see no rea-
son why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaunde the time
of the day.

Fals. Indeepe you come neere mee now *Hal*, for we that take
purfes, go by the moone & the seuen stars, and not by *Phaebus*,
he, that wandring knight so faire: & I prethee sweet wag, when
thou art King, as God saue thy grace: maiesty I should say, for
grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Fals. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the
dayes beuty: let vs be *Dianaes* terresters, Gentlemen of the
shade; minions of the Moone, and let men say, wee bee men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistris the moone, vnder whose countenance wee
steale.

Prince. Thou sayest wel, and it holdes wel too, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now
a purse

Henry the

a purse of golde most resolutely
most dissolutely spent on Tueds-
day by, & spent with crying, bring
the foote of the ladder, & by & k
of the gallowes.

Fals. By the Lord thou saiest t
of the tauerne a most sweet wen

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*, m
a buffeierkin a most sweet robe

Fals. How now, how now m
and thy quiddities? what a plagu
kin?

Prince. Why what a poxe ha
the tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cald h
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee

Fals. No, Ile giue thee thy du

Prin. Yea and else where, so far
and where it would not, I haue v

Fals. Yea, and so vsde it, that
thou art heire apparant. But I p
gallowes standing in England w
on thus subd as it is with the ruff
law: do not thou when thou ar

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare! by the L

Prin. Thou iudgest false alrea
the hanging of the theeues, and

Fals. Well *Hal*, well, and in so
mor, as well as waiting in the C

Prince. For obtaining of fut

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of fut
no leane wardrop. Zblood I am
a lugg Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a L

Fals. Yea or the drone of a Li

Prince. What saiest thou t